DARK HORSE COMICS
ALIENS™
5 (OF 6)
$1.95 U.S.
$2.45 Canada

ALIENS™

Based on characters and situations from the Twentieth Century Fox motion picture.

No. 5 (of 6) June, 1989

Script: **Mark Verheiden**

Art: **Mark A. Nelson**

Lettering: **Willie Schubert**

Publisher: Mike Richardson

Editor: Randy Stradley

Production: Chris Chalenor

Operations: Neil Hankerson

Cover colors: Chris Chalenor

Special thanks to: Pam North.

ALIENS #5 June, 1989 Published bi-monthly by Dark Horse Comics, Inc., 2008 S.E. Monroe St., Milwaukie, Oregon 97222.
The art and story in *Aliens*™ is © 1988 Twentieth Century Fox Film Corp. All rights reserved. ™ Designates the Trademark of Twentieth Century Fox Film Corporation. The institutions and characters in this magazine are fictional. Any resemblance to actual persons, living or dead, except for satirical intent is purely coincidental.

FOR ONE BRIEF MOMENT I'D FOUND LOVE. ONE OF HICK'S GRUNTS--A MARINE NAMED BUTLER--
WHAT IS IT ABOUT LIFE THAT AS SOON AS YOU FIND SOMETHING GOOD-- IT'S TAKEN AWAY FROM YOU?
I COULD FEEL THE PANIC RISING IN MY CHEST. CHOKING CLAUSTROPHOBIC.
MY FIRST INSTINCT WAS TO HIDE--JUST LIKE ACHERON-- JUST LIKE EARTH.
THAT'S WHAT THE ENEMY DEPENDS ON. HUMAN-- ALIEN--THEY RELY ON THAT FEAR TO ENDURE.
NO!
THEY DON'T UNDERSTAND FEAR. THEY DONT UNDERSTAND ANYTHING BEYOND THEIR OWN EXISTENCE.
IT EXPLAINED THE RESILIENCE OF CREATURES LIKE THE ALIEN.
I KNEW I WOULD HAVE TO BECOME LIKE THEM TO SURVIVE.

IT HAD BEEN FOUR HOURS SINCE WE'D BEEN BOARDED. WHO THE HELL *WERE* THEY? SOLDIERS? MERCENARIES?

THIS WAS EASIER THAN I'D *HOPED*. DID YOU DOUBLE-CHECK THE INBOARD ROSTER?

STEPHENS ACED BENSON AND MEEKER AND DUMPED THE BODIES BEFORE WE DOCKED--

THE REST OF THE COMPLEMENT IS ACCOUNTED FOR.

IT DIDN'T MATTER. IT WOULDN'T HAVE MATTERED TO *THEM*.

NO WONDER STEPHENS CHEWED MY ASS OVER PACKING PLASMA RIFLES. HE WAS AFRAID WE'D USE THEM AGAINST YOU.

I STILL CAN'T FIGURE WHERE THE CORPORATION FOUND THE *BALLS* TO INTERCEPT A GOVERNMENT SHIP ON A *CLASSIFIED* MISSION--

I THINK YOU'LL FIND THE CORPORATION CAPABLE OF ALMOST *ANYTHING*.

WE STILL BELIEVE IN FREE ENTEPRISE-- *CAPITALISM*. AND I'M AFRAID YOUR GOVERNMENT WANTS TO KEEP THE ALIEN LIFEFORM FOR *ITSELF*.

MY GOVERNMENT? YOU MAKE IT SOUND LIKE THE CORPORATION IS AN INDEPENDANT *STATE*--

JESUS, THOSE THINGS *DESTROYED* ACHERON. THINK WHAT THEY COULD DO ON *EARTH*--

I HAVE.

WE'RE *BREEDING* THEM.

YOU'LL STAY WITH ME ABOARD THE BENEDICT. YOUR MEN SEEM TO RESPECT YOU-- I MIGHT BE ABLE TO *USE* THAT--

YOU'VE ALREADY GOT THOSE THINGS ON EARTH--WHY NOT JUST *KILL* US AND BE DONE WITH IT?

OH, BUT YOU'RE *GOING* TO DIE--REST ASSURED OF THAT.

BUT I'M SURE YOU UNDERSTAND THE CALL OF SCIENCE.

WE'RE CHARGED WITH *INVESTIGATING* THE HOMEWORLD BEFORE RETURNING TO EARTH.

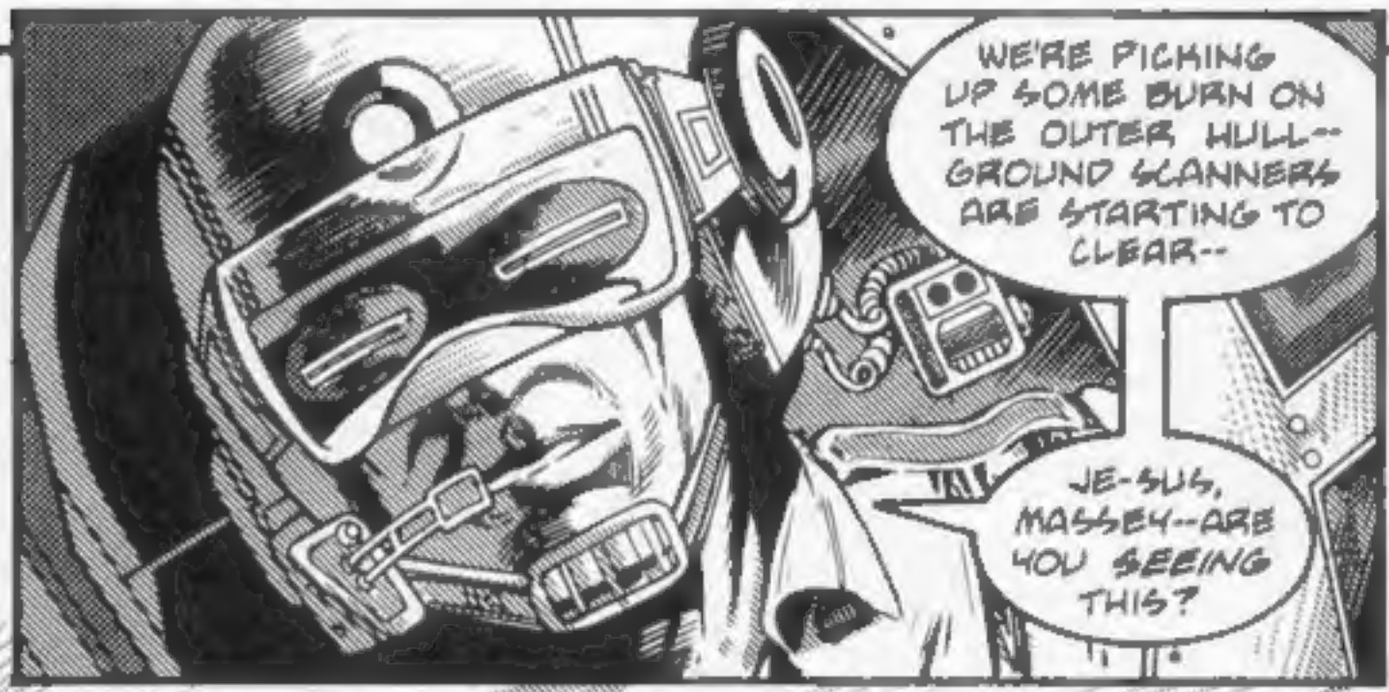
"NEVER KNOW WHAT YOU MIGHT FIND. IF THEIR HOMEWORLD FOLLOWS TRADITIONAL PATTERNS, THERE'S PROBABLY SOME SORT OF ECOLOGICAL *BALANCE*.

"PREDATOR. PREY. LIKE EARTH--LIKE *YOU* AND *ME*.

"THE ALIEN IS A REMARKABLE LIFE FORM, BUT IT MAY NOT BE THE *DOMINANT* SPECIES ON IT'S HOMEWORLD.

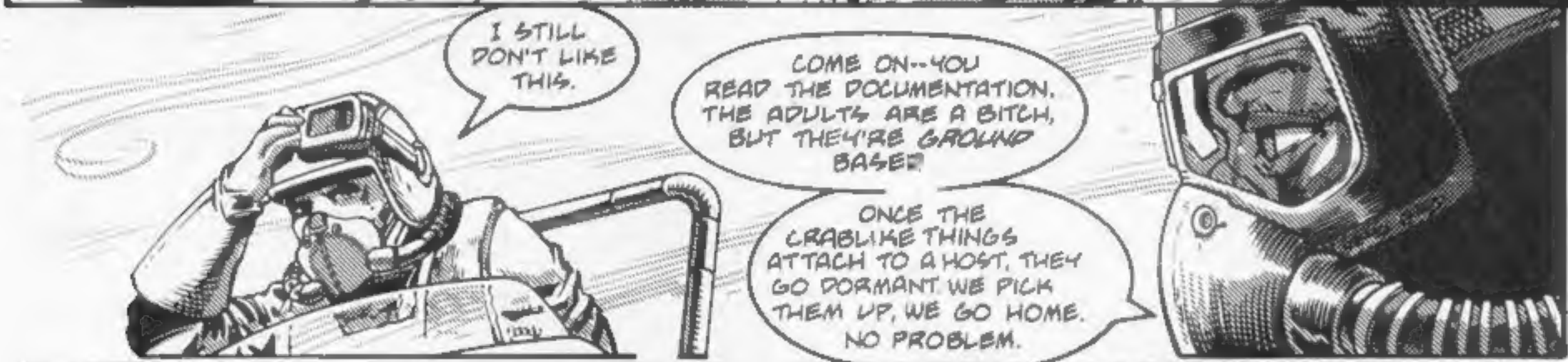
"A CORPORATION LIKE BIONATIONAL SUCCEEDS BY STAYING ONE STEP IN FRONT OF THE COMPETITION. IN FIVE YEARS THE ALIEN WILL BE OBSOLETE--*PASSE*. WE'LL NEED TO FIND NEWER, SUPERIOR BIOLOGICAL WEAPONS.

"WE'RE FISHING. YOUR MARINES ARE *BAIT*."



MAKE SURE ALL THE DATA RECORDERS ARE UP--THEY'RE GOING TO WANT THIS ON DISC.

THEN DROP THE MARINES AND ENJOY THE SHOW.



I KNEW I WOULD HAVE TO KILL THEM.
THE DUCTS WORMED THROUGH, THE SHIP, SEPARATED BY AN INTRICATE NETWORK OF AUTOMATIC INTERIOR DOORS.
THE ALIENS USED SIMILAR TUNNELS TO ATTACK US ON ACHERON.
SOMEBODY PULLED THE LOADERS FROM THE MARINE'S BLASTERS. PROBABLY THAT PIECE OF SHIT STEPHENS.
I SAW WHAT WAS LEFT OF HIM SPATTERED DOWN IN THE LOADING BAY. SAVED *ME* THE TROUBLE.
THE INTRUDERS WERE CALM, CONFIDENT THAT THEY WERE IN COMPLETE CONTROL. DESPITE RIPLEY'S WARNINGS, HICKS AND HIS MARINES MADE A SIMILAR MISTAKE ON ACHERON.
IT WAS A MATTER OF *PERCEPTION*. THE *ALIENS* WOULD HAVE UNDERSTOOD.
THE BENEDICT DIDN'T BELONG TO THOSE BASTARDS IN THE LOADING BAY. IT BELONGED TO *ME*.
I COULDN'T IMAGINE STEPHENS ACTUALLY JETTISONING THE LOADERS--HE WAS TOO *PRUDENT* FOR THAT.

DOES THIS MAKE ANY SENSE TO YOU? BIONATIONAL-- THE GOVERNMENT--WE'RE ALL SUPPOSED TO BE ON THE SAME SIDE.
THERE'RE NO SIDES ANYMORE-- JUST MONEY--
--AND WE'RE EXPENDABLE.
CHRIST--I'M GETTING BARE NOMINALS ON ATMOSPHERE AND THE GRUNTS ARE HARDLY AFFECTED--
THEY'RE ACTING LIKE IT'S ANOTHER DAY IN BOOT CAMP--
MAYBE THEY BELIEVE ALL THAT 'WE'RE THE BEST' RECRUITING SHIT--
--BUT THEY DON'T LOOK SO MEAN FROM HERE--
--AND HELL, WE'VE GOT THE BEST SEATS IN THE HOUSE.

MY GOD--IT'S--IT'S FUSED OUT OF BONE, PETRIFIED TISSUE--ANYTHING LEFT AFTER THE ALIENS--
COME ON, FOR CHRIST'S SAKE--STAY TOGETHER.
DON'T THINK ABOUT THE ENEMY--

--THINK ABOUT SURVIVAL.

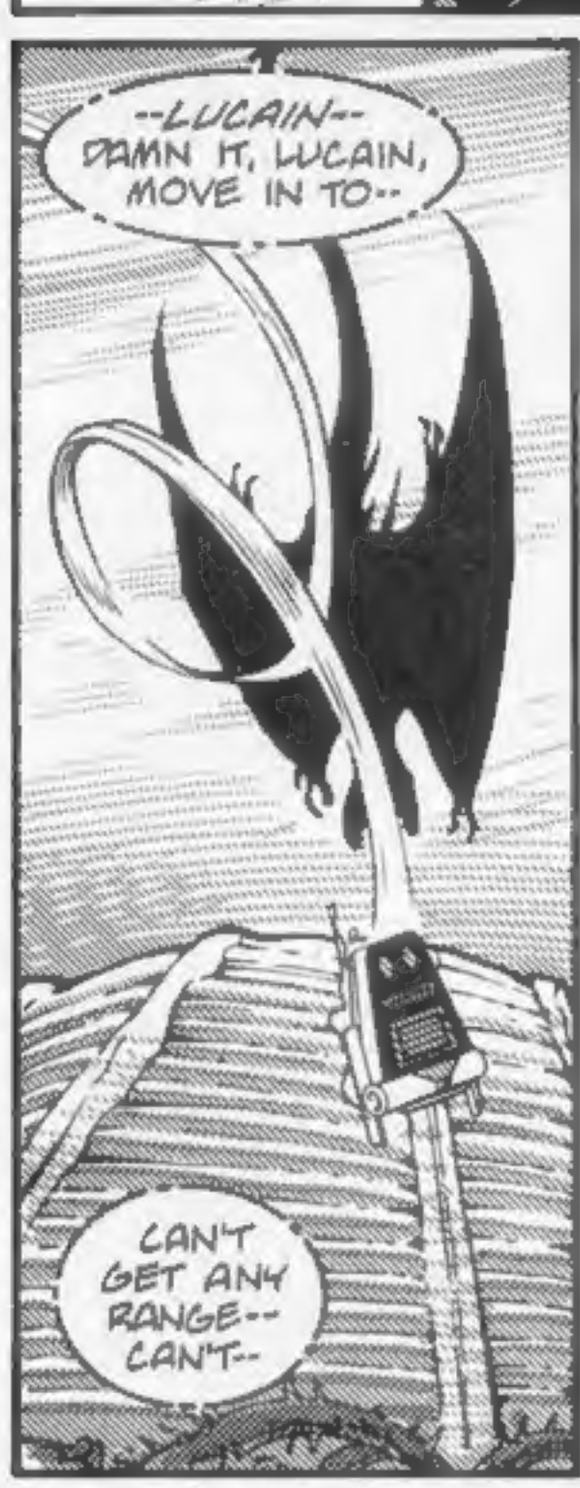
SURVIVAL? THAT'S FUNNY, MAN.
WHERE THE HELL ARE THEY? WHY DON'T THEY ATTACK?
--HOLD IT.

ARE YOU CRAZY--? BACK OFF!
THERE'S SOMETHING INSIDE--SOMETHING MOVING--BUT IT'S NOT ATTACKING...

WHY ARE WE STILL ALIVE?
SOMETHING'S WRONG.
SOMETHING'S WRONG WITH THIS ENTIRE MISSION--

MASSEY-- WE'RE UNDER ATT--

REGROUP! GET BACK TO TH-- *SSSZZZZ*
GGAHHH--
THE SKY'S FULL OF THEM--JESUS, MASSEY, WE NEED--


--LUCAIN-- DAMN IT, LUCAIN, MOVE IN TO--
CAN'T GET ANY RANGE-- CAN'T--

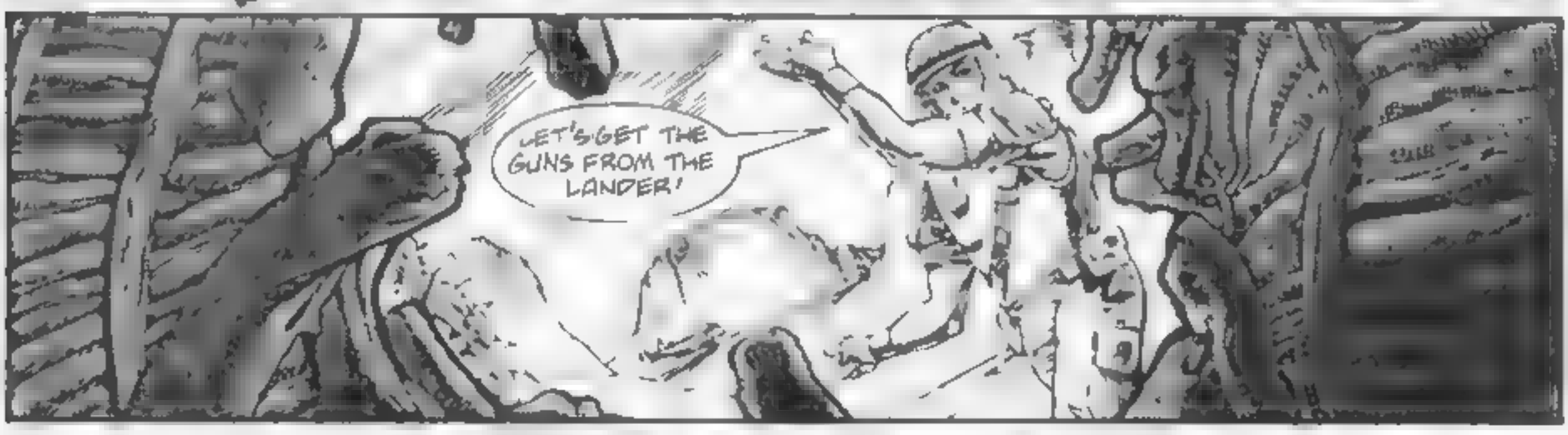
--I SEE SMOKE-- HAINES IS DOWN--
BACK OFF! BACK OFF!

GO! GO! GO!
LUCAIN AND HAINES ARE BOTH DEAD--THOSE THINGS ARE--
YOU SON OF A BITCH, MASSEY-- WE NEED HELP!

DAMN--
WHAT'S THAT
NOISE?

BOOM
BOOM BOOM
SOUNDS LIKE GUNFIRE--

KA-LUNK!
UNPUHH!


LET'S GET THE GUNS FROM THE LANDER!

I FELT THE SHIP LURCH WHEN THE LANDER SEPARATED. BUTLER HAD LEFT WITH THEM. I COULD FEEL IT--THE SAME WAY I COULD STILL FEEL HIS SKIN, SO GENTLE, SO WARM--
NO. FORGET BUTLER. FORGET EVERYTHING GOOD
CONTROL STATIONS

THE ALIENS DON'T NEED LOVE. LONELINESS--FEAR. THE CONCEPTS WERE MEANINGLESS.
THEN ONLY MEAN DEATH. IT MADE THINGS SIMPLE.
KA-CHUNK

THEY'RE ALL AROUND US-- JESUS CHRIST, WE'RE SURROUNDED--
CAN BARELY BREATHE--MASSEY-- YOU BASTARD--DO SOMETHING--
SCREW
3:00:00
REMOTE LANDER DESTRUCT
THE SCIENTISTS WILL RAISE A FUSS OVER THE DESTRUCTION OF THE INBOARD DOCUMENTATION
YOUR MARINES ARE GOOD GETTING AWAY FROM THE HIVE, OVERPOWERING MY PEOPLE--I MAY HAVE UNDERESTIMATED YOU.
BUT THEY'LL GET OVER IT
WHAT ABOUT YOUR MEN?
DROP IT, YOU'RE A BITCH
WHAT ABOUT THEM?
MY PRINCIPAL OBJECTIVE WAS TO KEEP THE GOVERNMENT FROM SECURING AN ALIEN SPECIMEN. MISSION ACCOM--

WELL. WE SEEM TO HAVE MISSED ONE.
WHAT ARE YOU? SHIP'S MASCOT?
RELEASE HICKS. NOW
THE ALIEN WOULD HAVE ATTACKED. WHAT WAS WRONG WITH ME? WHY COULDN'T I FIRE?
I-- I SAID RELEASE HIM
YOU'RE VERY PRETTY. YOU CAN'T BE ONE OF THESE HARD-ASS MARINES
I'LL BET YOU'VE NEVER EVEN FIRED ONE OF THOSE TH--
SHOOT HIM, NEWT!
DON'T DON'T COME ANY CLOSER--
YOU WOULDN'T WANT TO KILL ME, HONEY
HOW COULD YOU LIVE WITH YOURSELF-- MURDERING ANOTHER HUMAN BEING--?
IT WASN'T FAIR. I WANTED TO BE JUST LIKE THEM
STAY BA--
GOD HELP ME I WAS ONLY HUMAN

--YOU STUPID BITCH--

--TRY TO USE A WEAPON AGAINST ME-- CHRIST--
UNGHH!

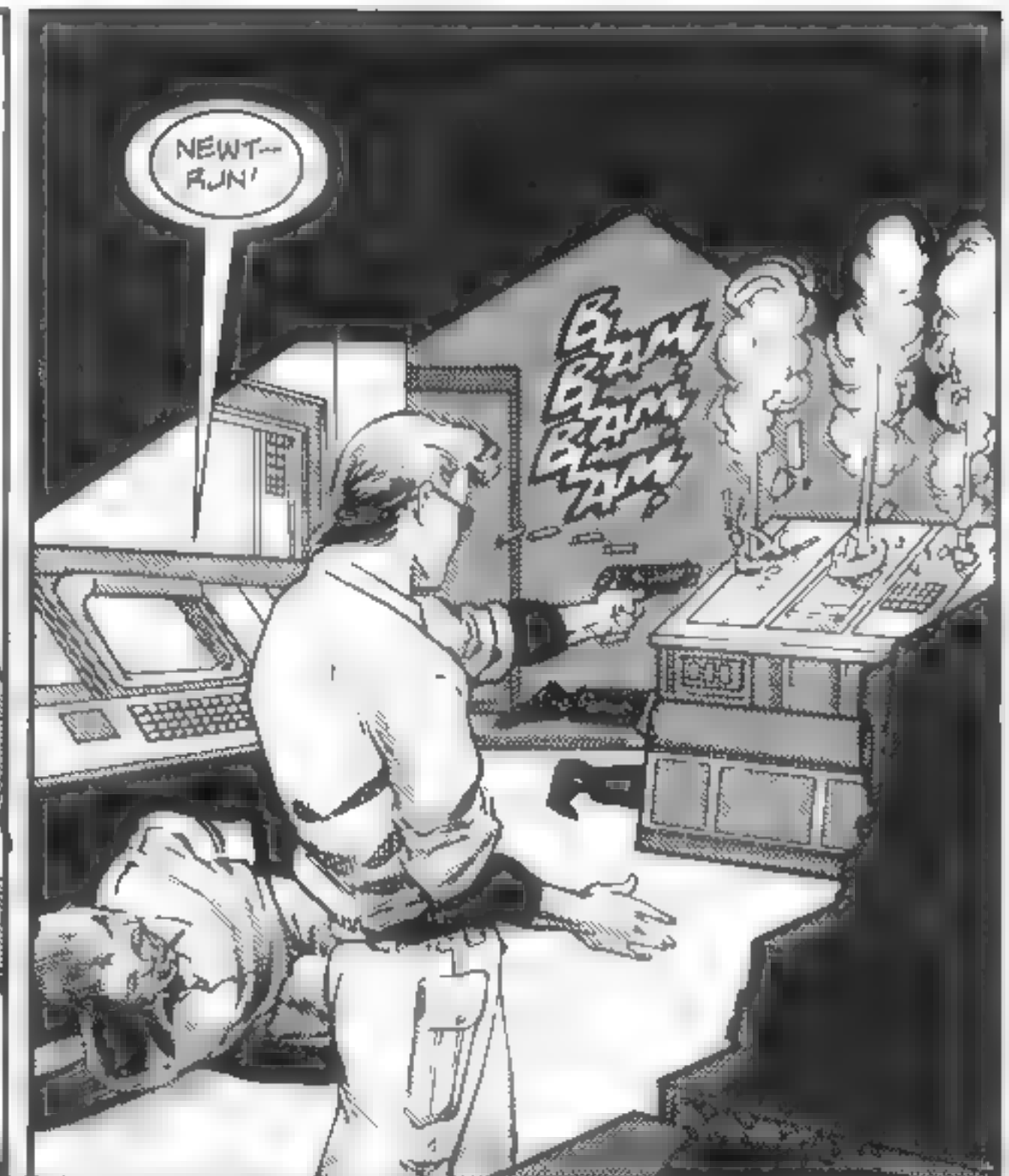
I DON'T NEED WEAPONS I COULD OPEN YOUR THROAT WITH MY FINGERS--FEEL THE BLOOD SPRAY DOWN MY ARMS--

--BUT YOU'RE NOT WORTH THE EFFORT

YOU'RE NOTHING-- A DISTRACTION--

--CHRIST YOU REMIND ME OF MY WIFE.

NOOOO--!


NEWT--
RUN!
BLAM
BLAM
BLAM
BLAM

I'M
THROUGH
RUNNING.

POOM!

AAGGHHH--!

I WAS WRONG. I WASN'T LIKE THE ALIEN--NOTHING TRULY HUMAN COULD STAND SUCH EMPTINESS
COK--YOU DON'T SCARE ME BITCH. NOTHING SCARES ME.
SHIT. YOU DON'T EVEN HAVE THE STRENGTH TO--
I THOUGHT OF BUTLER. I THOUGHT OF OUR LOVE

WRONG.
POOM!

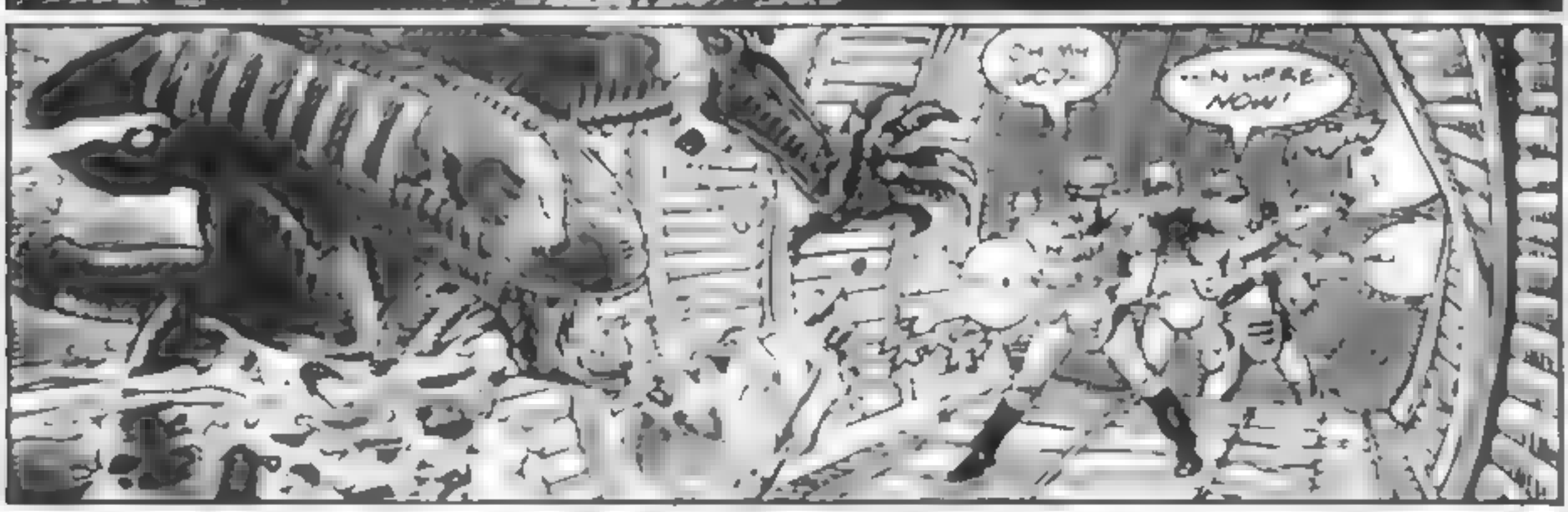
CAN'T YOU STOP IT?
THERE'S NO TIME DAMN IT-
0: 15:22
ARMED
BUTLER-- THIS IS NEWT-- YOU HAVE TO GET AWAY FROM THE LANDER-- NOW!
BA-WHAAMM!
DOWN!
AUTO ALL THE CONTROLS. EVERYTHING. WE'LL HAVE TO TRANSFER THE BENEDICT'S NUKES TO THEIR LANDER AND SET THEM OURSELVES
I DON'T CARE WHAT IT TAKES. I'M GOING TO FINISH IT
BUTLER--LISTEN TO ME. WE'RE GOING TO USE THE INTRUDER'S LANDER TO RECOVER YOU
FIND SOMEWHERE SAFE TO WAIT FOR--
WE CAN'T WAIT--
WE MANAGED TO SALVAGE THE BLASTERS AND AMMUNITION FROM THE LANDER. WE'RE GOING BACK TO THE HIVE.

THE HIVE?
YOU--YOU CAN'T-- THOSE THINGS--
WE HAVE TO-- WE ALREADY LOST STEPHENS-- THOSE MEN IN THE LANDER. WE CAN'T LET ANYONE ELSE DIE
WHAT IS THIS? SOME TEST OF MARINE COURAGE?
STEPHENS WAS A TRAITOR! THOSE MEN WERE GOING TO KILL YOU! PLEASE--
I'M BEGGING YOU--
WAIT FOR ME--!

YOU'RE WALT'N'S TIME FORGET THEM
THEY WERE DEAD BEFORE THE MISSION BEGAN--
I-- I CAN'T EXPLAIN IT
WE HAVE TO GO BACK--
I LOVE YOU NEWT

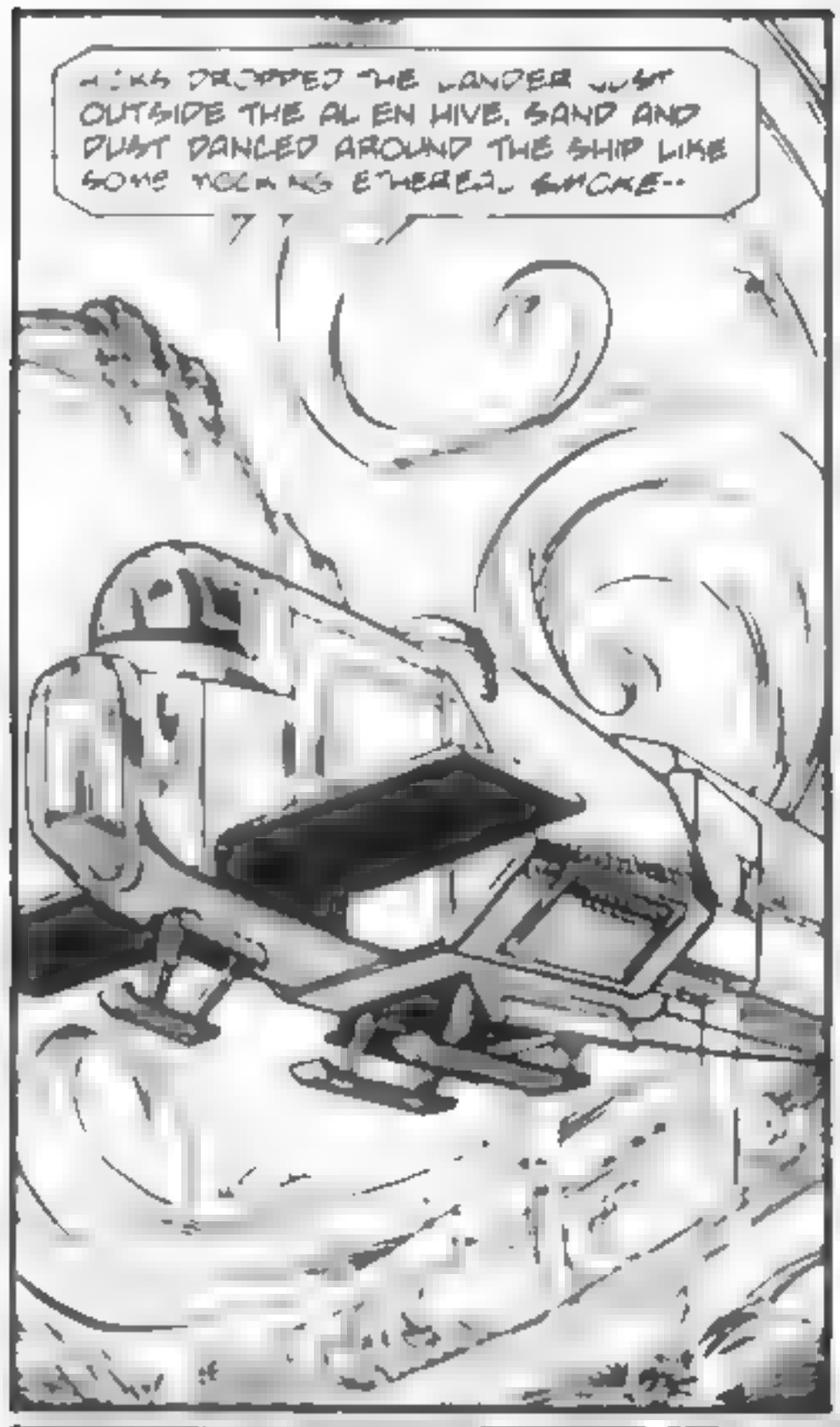
WE LAUNCHED MASSEY'S LANDER AND BEGAN THE SLOW DESCENT TO THE ALIEN'S HOMEWORLD
I COULD SEE
HIS FACE WAS REDUCED TO AN ABSTRACT BLUR--TINY ELECTRIC PULSES OF LIGHT AND COLOR
HICKS IGNORES THE SCREENS, LOST IN HIS DREAMS OF VENGEANCE. AT LEAST HE STILL HAD THAT
NOTHING
THERE WERE NO DREAMS LEFT FOR ME--
SHORT BURSTS, DAMN IT! CONSERVE YOUR FIRE--!
MOTION SENSORS ARE OFF THE SCALE-- THEY'RE ALL OVER US--!
--JUST THE STARK REALITY OF THE ALIEN--

I'M READING PLUS 2.0 BILLION AFTER-WE'RE RUNNING OUT OF TIME
THEY'RE CONVERGING AHEAD-AS IF THEY'RE SWARMING OVER SOME.


OH MY GOD--
--N HERE NOW!

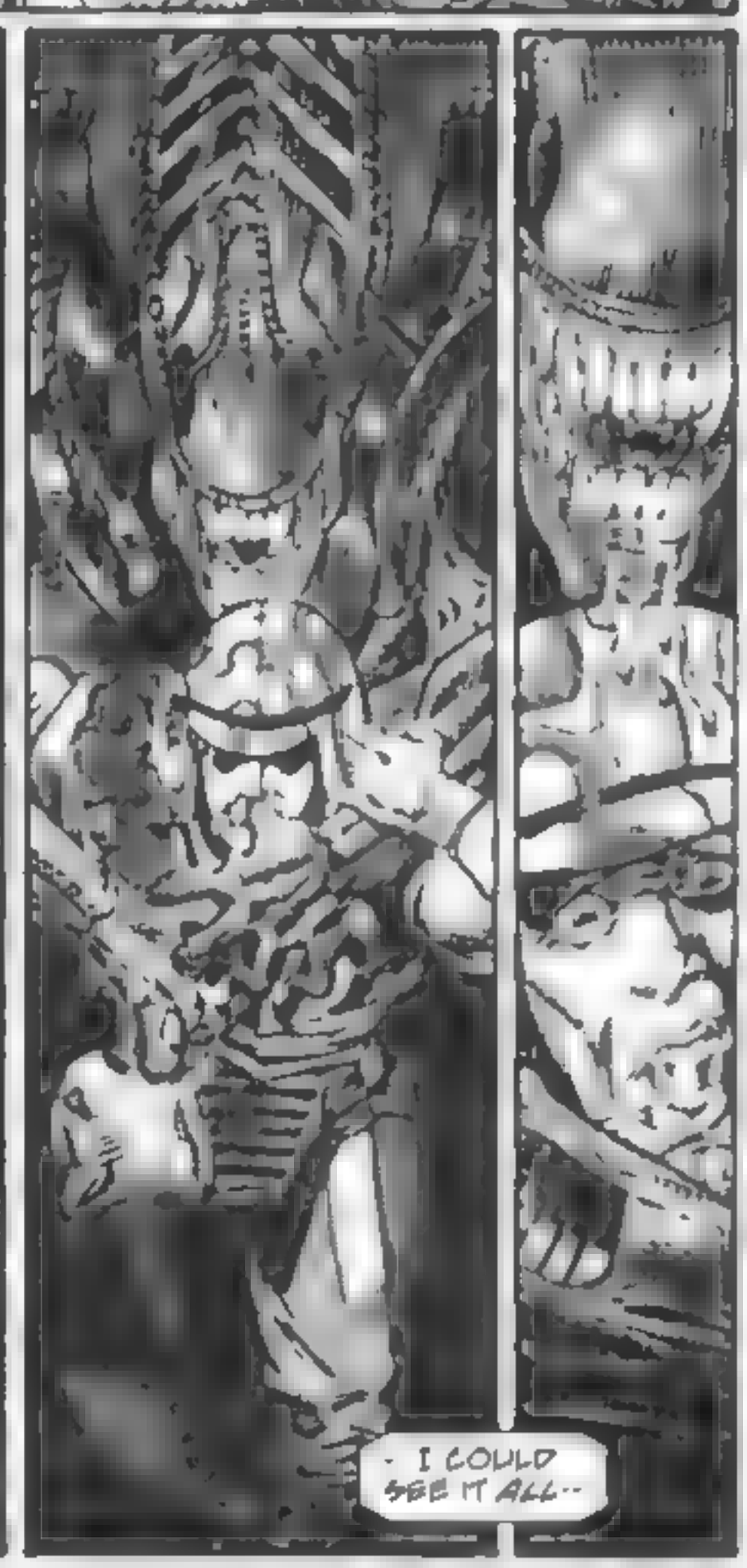
THE REST ARE DEAD. BURN THESE ALIEN BASTARDS AND THEN BACK OUT--
B-BAM-BAM

--ONE OR TWO OF US WILL ACTUALLY MAKE IT IN ONE PIECE--


HICKS DROPPED THE LANDER JUST OUTSIDE THE ALIEN HIVE. SAND AND DUST DANCED AROUND THE SHIP LIKE SOME TOWERING ETHEREAL SMOKE--

--THE PHOSPHORESCENT SWIRLS OF COLOR FLICKERING ACROSS THE LANDER'S FORWARD MONITOR
DAMN IT BUTLER DON'T FALL BACK--!
JUST KEEP MOVING.

I THINK IT KNEW. I THINK IT WANTED TO TEACH ME A LESSON ABOUT THE FUTILITY OF LOVE--THE HORROR OF TRUST--
I'LL COVER--

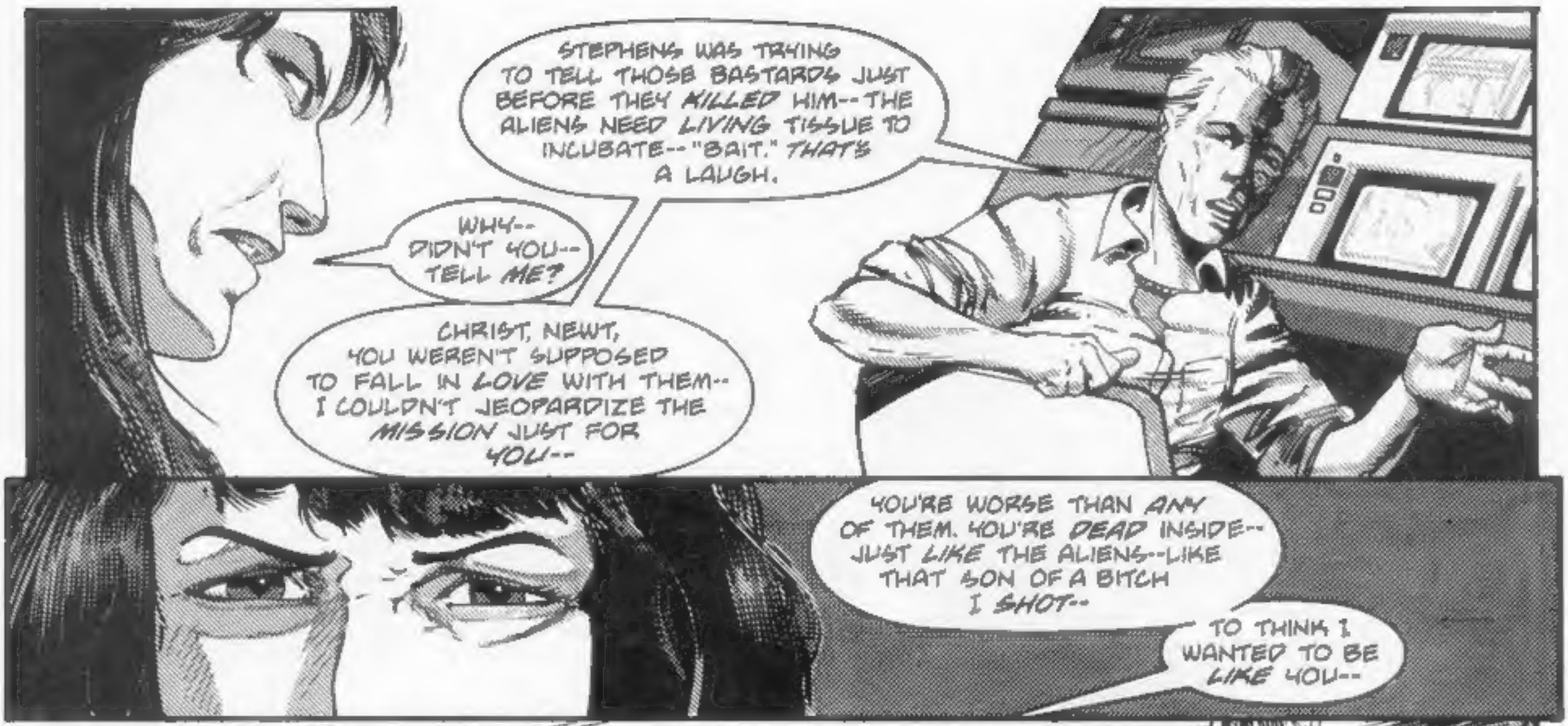

I COULD SEE IT ALL--

NCLK!

FOOM!
FOOM!
BRAAAAP!
FOOM!

NCLOOK

AGGGGGHHHH--
NEWT--STOP IT!
DAMN IT, NEWT--I TRIED TO KEEP YOU AWAY FROM HIM--FROM ALL OF THEM--
WHY DO YOU THINK THEY WENT BACK FOR THOSE BASTARDS IN THE HIVE? THEIR PRINCIPAL FUNCTION IS TO PRESERVE LIFE. HUMAN LIFE
THEY WERE--ENGINEERED--JUST FOR THIS MISSION. SPENT THEIR WHOLE LIVES LOCKED INSIDE THAT MARINE COMPOUND WAITING FOR THIS MOMENT.
THEY'RE COST EFFICIENT AND EXPENDABLE YOU ME STEVENS--WE WERE THE ONLY HUMANS ON BOARD
THERE WERE INTERACTION PROBLEMS WITH EARLIER MODELS--HUMANS JUST DIDN'T LIKE THEM, SO THESE PROTOTYPES WERE DESIGNED TO SOCIALIZE--THEY EAT LIKE US, TALK LIKE US--
DAMNED PROGRAMMERS WERE ALMOST TOO CLEVER THE ANDROIDS DEVELOPED SENSITIVITIES. THERE WERE QUESTIONS ABOUT THEIR EMOTIONAL STABILITY--HOW THEY'D REACT TO THE TRUTH--
--SO WE TREATED THEM AS EQUALS--PLAYED ALONG WITH THE DECEPTION--


STEPHENS WAS TRYING TO TELL THOSE BASTARDS JUST BEFORE THEY KILLED HIM--THE ALIENS NEED LIVING TISSUE TO INCUBATE--"BAIT." THAT'S A LAUGH.
WHY-- DIDN'T YOU-- TELL ME?
CHRIST, NEWT, YOU WEREN'T SUPPOSED TO FALL IN LOVE WITH THEM-- I COULDN'T JEOPARDIZE THE MISSION JUST FOR YOU--
YOU'RE WORSE THAN ANY OF THEM. YOU'RE DEAD INSIDE-- JUST LIKE THE ALIENS--LIKE THAT SON OF A BITCH I SHOT--
TO THINK I WANTED TO BE LIKE YOU--

NEWT--
PAW!!
PAW!!
GET INSIDE AND LOCK DOWN--
HURRY--!
PAW!!
PAW!!
PAW!!

HICKS--THE HATCH IS SEALED--EVERYONE'S ABOARD--
FORGET THE ALIENS-- WE HAVE TO LAUNCH!
--NOT UNTIL I SET THE WARHEADS--

NO-THUMPS
OH MY GOD. THEY'RE OUTSIDE--CRAWLING ACROSS THE HULL--
THEY WANT IN.
SHIT! THEY'VE CUT THE EXTERNAL FEED--
EXTERNALS CONTROL THE TELEMETRY AND LAUNCH FUNCTIONS--
LOOKS LIKE NOBODY'S GOING ANYWHERE.
KA-CHUNK!

DON'T-- DON'T LOOK AT ME--
YOU MUST HAVE KNOWN. HOW COULD YOU-- WE-- HAVE--

DOES IT MATTER? DOES ANYTHING MATTER ANYMORE?
JUST DON'T-- LEAVE ME-- LET ME PRETEND A FEW MORE SECONDS--

YEAH-- COME TO PAPA, YOU SON OF A BITCH--
SCRREEEEEK

SAVE IT FOR THE REST OF US--
--I'LL DIE BEFORE I LET THEM TOUCH ME AG--

AT LEAST--NOTHING HUMAN.

story concludes next issue!